DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XIII. No. 3. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1878. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 2 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

KING JOHN'S QUARREL WITH POPE INNOCENT III.

In the year 1205, when King John, the only English king of the name, was on the throne, Hubert, the Primate of England, died. The junior canons of Canterbury met secretly the night of his death, and elected their sub-prior, Reynold, to the vacant position. The Archbishop of Canterbury installed him in the Archiepiscopal throne before midnight, and before dawn he was on his way to Rome to solicit the Pope's confirmation of his election. When King John heard of this transaction he was greatly enraged, secured the election of the Bishop of Norwich to the primacy, and also sent agents to Rome to plead his cause before the Pope.

Innocent III., one of the most ambitious and powerful occupants of Peter's chair, saw in this disagreement a chance to increase his own power by placing a man of his own nomination in the coveted position, and through his influence and that of the bishops and priests under him, virtually govern England from Rome. He therefore annulled both elections and made his own nominee, Cardinal Langton be chosen to the See of Canterbury, at that time, next to the Papal throne, the most important dignity in the Roman Church.

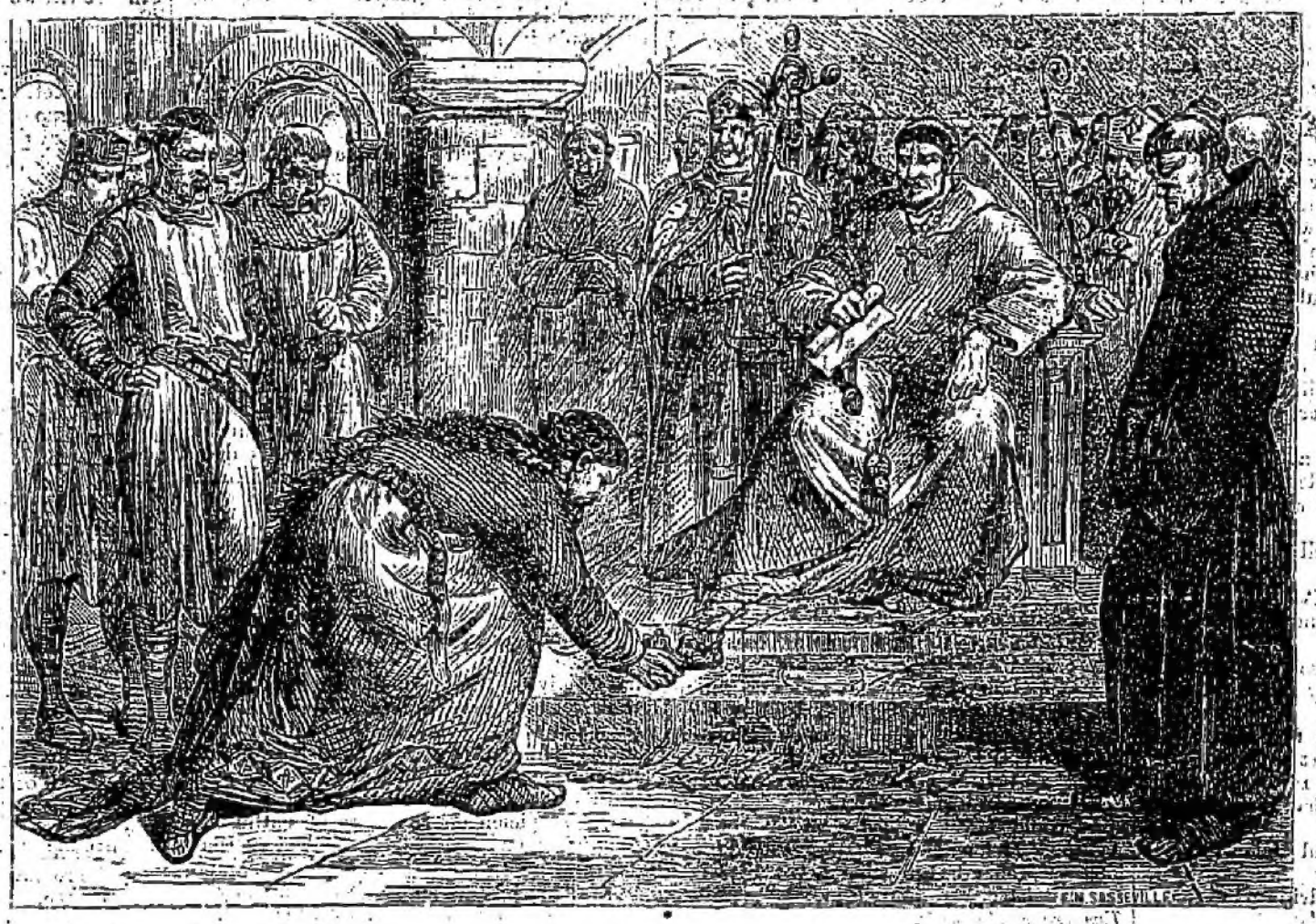
King John saw the danger, knowing well that if the Pope were permitted to appoint to the See of Canterbury, the next step would be to appoint kings to the English throne; he protested with many oaths that the Pope's nominee should never sit in the Archiepiscopal chair, turned the canons of Canterbury out of doors, ordered all the prelates and abbots to leave the kingdom, and bade defiance to the Pope. The latter was not to be defied in this manner, and smote England with an interdict—the king had offended, and the whole nation must be punished along with him.

In these days there are many whom a papal interdict would not trouble much, but in England in these days of superstitious beliefs, it was aimed with tremendous power. The Rev. Dr. Wylie, in the "History of Protestantism," describes the effect of the curse as follows:—

"The men of those times, on whom this doom fell, saw the gates of heaven locked by the strong hand of the Pontiff, so that none might enter who came from the unhappy realm lying under the papal ban. All who departed this life must wander forlorn as disembodied ghosts in some doleful region, amid unknown sufferings, till it should please him who carried the keys to open the closed gates. As the earthly picture of this spiritual doom, all the symbols of grace and all the ordinances of religion were suspended. The church doors were closed; the lights at the altar were extinguished; the bells ceased to be rung; the crosses and images were taken down and laid on the ground; infants were baptized in the church porch; marriages were celebrated in the churchyard; the dead were buried in ditches or in the open fields. No one durst rejoice, or eat flesh, or shave his beard, or pay any decent attention to his person or apparel. It was meet that only signs of distress and mourning and woe should be visible throughout a land over which there rested the wrath of the Almighty, for so did men account the ban of the Pontiff."

For two years King John remained unmoved while his country lay under this terrible curse, but at the end of that time was met by a personal punishment which troubled him more. The Pope pronounced sentence of excommunication upon him, deposing him from his throne and absolving his subjects from allegiance. This could not be accomplished without the aid of an armed force, and Philip Augustus, King of France, was selected to carry out the Pope's behest, the Kingdom of England being offered to him under the condition that he conquered it for his holiness. Philip did not relish the conditions under which he was to gain the kingdom, but the prize was too rich to be idly spurned, and he collected a mighty armament to cross the channel and invade England.

This last blow subdued the stubborn king, he craved an interview with the Pope's legate, Pandolf, and promised to submit himself unreservedly to the Papal See, engaging to make full restitution to the clergy for the losses they had suffered, and resigned England and Ireland to God, to St. Peter, and St. Paul, and to Pope Innocent, and to his successors in the apostolic chair." He also agreed to hold his dominions as feudatory of the Church of Rome by the annual payment of a thousand marks, and worse yet, stipulated that if he or his successors should infringe this agreement, unless they repented on being admonished, they should forfeit all right to their dominions. When this had been settled, John, it is said, took off his crown and laid it at the legate's feet, and the latter to show the mightiness of his master spurned it, kicking it about as a worthless bauble, and then picking it up placed it on the Monarch's head.



KING JOHN AND THE POPE'S LEGATE.

This took place in May 1213. But England was not as craven as its king, and in April, 1215, the barons began their efforts to wipe off the disgrace their monarch had inflicted on the country. They appeared before King John at Oxford, and presented the charter, which they said, "consecrates the liberties confirmed by Henry II., and which you also have sworn to observe." The king stormed. "I will not," said he, "grant you liberties which would make me a slave." He forgot that he had already made himself a slave to Rome. But the barons were not to be beaten, and on June 15th, 1215, John signed the Magna Charta at Runnymede. This was in effect to tell Innocent that he revoked the vow of vassalage, and took back the kingdom he had laid at his feet.

When tidings of this unprecedented transaction were carried to Rome, Innocent instantly launched an anathema against these impious and rebellious men, and at the same time inhibited the King from carrying out or in any way fulfilling the provisions of the charter. This did not satisfy him, for in this great charter he recognized the inauguration of a new order of political ideas and a class of political rights entirely antagonistic to the fundamental principles of the Papacy, and fulminated a bull on the authority of his commission as set by God over the kingdoms, "to pluck up and destroy, to build and to plant," by which he annulled and abrogated the charter, declaring all its obligations and guarantees void. But the barons remained firm, and their bold stand saved the independence of the nation. Innocent went to the grave; feeble men followed him in the papal chair; the Kings of England mounted the throne without taking the oath of fealty, and at last the annual payment of a thousand marks as Peter's Pence was quietly dropped, no remonstrance against its discontinuance coming from Rome. Thus it was that what was considered the greatest evil to England was turned into good; for the charter forced from John at Runnymede is yet the foundation of English liberties, and it marks the time when England began to pay little attention to Rome, and less and less, until the Roman Church was neither consulted nor thought of in connection with matters affecting the country alone.

"He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him; He also will hear their cry and save them."—*The Wonders of Prayer.*

ST GEORGE QUE

Temperance Department.

WHY AGATHA FLEMING NEVER DRANK WINE.

BY MISS L. BATES.

"Of course we must have wine. Just think how perfectly shabby it would look!"

The remark was made by a beautiful girl as she danced out of the conservatory with a spray of pink blossoms in her hand. "It is my first party, and I want everything splendid. And, auntie," turning to a sweet-faced woman, with large, love-gleaming eyes and an almost alabaster purity of complexion. "You must wear that rose-colored brocade. It is just the rage now, and your hair will trim beautifully. I am so glad we are to have plenty of flowers."

Helen Brayton was just from school, where she had been since she was ten years old. Of course, she knew little of life; but her father was a wealthy man, and her dream of "everything splendid" was about to be realized. Aunt Agatha was her mother's sister, a scholarly woman of whom she knew little, save that she was a trifle eccentric, giving away nearly all of her income and never so much as touching wine.

Mrs. Brayton leaned back in her luxurious chair and rested her eyes with a mother's delight on Helen's face.

"If we have wine, Aunt Agatha cannot come," was said slowly.

"Cannot! Why so?" with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. "She will not be obliged to taste it."

Mrs. Brayton beat her satin-slippered foot against the Persian carpet. It was a question she could not decide. Mr. Brayton had given her *carte b'anche*. He had not time to attend to it, he said. In calling in Agatha she had not thought of wine. With exquisite taste and wonderful tact in arrangement, her service would be invaluable. All the morning she had been trying to persuade the really elegant woman to consider this as an exceptional case. Not that she herself cared for it; neither did Mr. Brayton. But what would people say? Mrs. Brayton was not one with the moral courage to oppose Madame Grundy. She could not endure to be called shabby, especially when the money in hand would enable her to be profuse.

All the while Helen stood at the back of Aunt Agatha's chair talking of the pink and silver brocade. "Nobody will know it was ever worn. I am sure it never would show a seam."

A servant entered bearing a silver waiter and on it a small card. Helen colored, and Mrs. Brayton excused herself and went down to the parlor.

"Do you say that you will not mind this time, auntie?" plead Helen.

"And thus break my promise?"

"Did you promise, auntie, never so much as to drink a drop?"

"I promised never so much as to drink a drop; neither would I stand by and see another drink."

"That is going a little too far, auntie. If another drinks, it will not hurt us."

"I am not so sure," returned Aunt Agatha. "Whose card was that Dick brought in?"

"Henry Fargo's," answered Helen, with a vivid blush.

"If Henry Fargo should drink wine to excess, would it not hurt you?"

"O auntie! he never could," with a face from which all color had fled.

"If I have been rightly informed, one of his brothers died a drunkard," persisted Agatha Fleming.

"That was Will. He was always a little wild. Went to San Francisco, spent a good deal, and drank to drown his trouble," was Helen's answer.

The Fargos lived in the same square. In the vacations Helen had seen a good deal of Henry, and learned through him of Will's wanderings. But she did not connect it with wine; the latter was a mere accident. He drank to drown his trouble.

The expression of Agatha Fleming's face grew tender; tears filled her eyes. It was a favorable moment to say to Helen all there was in her heart to say—why she should not touch wine!

"You have heard your mother speak of Herbert Wyeburn?" turning her gaze full upon the young girl.

"Your old friend, or flame, I don't know which?" returned Helen with her usual vivacity. "Yes."

"My friend, as Henry Fargo is yours. We lived in the same square, and we loved each other with a love that grew stronger as we grew older. Herbert went to college. He was grandly gifted. But he learned to take wine; it made him brilliant. The head of his class, he was likewise the master of oratory. But he could not speak without his glass; then it required more—one, two, three at a time. When he returned he brought the habit with him. His manner was no longer the same, at one time wild and capricious, at another time gloomy and morose. I expostulated. He was angry and upbraided me. The next hour he was ready to beg my pardon, and I forgave him. Of course, he would never again give way. Thus it went on until he was ready to establish himself in business, and I was looking forward to becoming a happy bride. One night there was a quarrel, in which Herbert struck a brother lawyer, and himself received a fatal stab in return. They had been drinking to excess, but when I reached Herbert he was rational. Never shall I forget his face as he said, 'The doctor says I must die. If I had never tasted wine, Agatha, this would not have been.'

"They had not told me that the wound was fatal. I buried my face in the pillow and sobbed outright. In that moment I would gladly have given my own life could I by that means save Herbert. My agony made him worse. They took me from him, and only permitted me to return when I promised to command myself. When I entered the room Herbert was lying with his eyes shut. As I approached I saw that his lips moved. Was he praying? I tried to think so, for I had been brought up to think it was a dreadful thing to die without an interest in Christ. As I kneeled by his bedside he put out his hand. 'I have asked God to make it easy for you, Agatha. You warned me against drink; but I did not see the danger. Now I must die. But you will think of me sometimes, and, thinking of me, you will not fail to warn others against wine.' I had promised to be calm, and to be calm I tried to point him to Christ. I cannot tell just how it was, but in death there was a smile on his face, as though at the last he had caught the gleam of celestial wings. The thief on the cross received assurance, 'This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.' I trust it was so with Herbert."

Silence brooded over the room. Helen did not lift her head. Agatha was the first to speak.

"Now you know the reason why I do not drink wine, the reason why I do not go where wine is made a temptation to some poor soul who has not the strength to resist it. You will not now expect me to go to your party."

Slowly the brown head was lifted, while through tears Helen answered:

"I shall not have wine at my party, Aunt Agatha. It is too dreadful; I cannot think of it. Will Fargo drank wine, and drank to excess. Henry takes a social glass. No," with more emphasis, "I shall not have it. It shall never be said that I helped to make a young man a drunkard."

When Mrs. Brayton returned Helen hastened to explain.

"We will not have wine, mother. I could never hold up my head again if I knew that one person was led to drink to excess through my offering him a social glass."

"What I have to say will be unnecessary in this case," smiled Mrs. Brayton. "I have just seen Henry Fargo. He hopes we will not have wine. Since Will perished miserably as he did, he cannot go where wine is used freely. As this is the first party of the season, he trusts we will set the example that many, very many, will gladly follow."

"I could never have done it but for Aunt Agatha," Helen answered, with her old bright look. "Henry Fargo shall never have it to say that I tempted him with wine."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

SIR WILLIAM GULL ON ALCOHOL

This is an age of surprises, and events which have long been thought impossible are occurring every day. That a Court physician should homologate the "extreme" views of the thorough teetotalers has, till of late, been considered quite out of the question, and yet we now find the most fashionable physician of the day testifying before the *Lords' Committee* that alcoholic liquors are, in all quantities, neither more nor less than poisons. Sir William Gull, in answer to the question as to the presumed efficacy of brandy in keeping out cold, says that this is a fallacy, that he would take cod liver oil in preference, and that there is a wide difference between heat and the feeling of it. In this statement we believe all physiologists will agree, accurate experiment and observation having demonstrated that alcohol, in all appreciable quantities, lowers the vital temperature. Sir William evidently does not classify alcohol among foods; for, after stating that in his opinion small doses of it might be beneficially used (as a medicine) in certain cases of extreme fatigue and exhaustion, he emphatically adds, "I very much doubt whether there are not some sorts of food which might very well be taken in its place." Pressed as to what kind of food he considers most desirable in such circumstances, he says that when he is fatigued with overwork he eats raisins instead of drinking wine, and, notwithstanding the ridicule by which a presumptuous and youthful medical apologist for alcohol has attempted to discredit the prescription, confesses that this has been his personal remedy for exhaustion for more than thirty years. Sir William distinctly gives it as his deliberate opinion that, instead of flying to alcohol when they are exhausted, people might very well drink water or take food and would be very much better without the alcohol. Sir William is very decided on the danger to intellectual workers in resorting to wine or alcohol declaring that all things of an alcoholic nature injure the nerve tissues for the time if not altogether, quickening but not improving the operations—the constant use of alcohol, even in moderate measures, injuring the nerve tissues and being deleterious to health. "One of the commonest things in our society," he says, "is that people are injured by drink without being drunkards. It goes on so quietly that it is difficult to observe even." Again, "there is a great deal of injury done to health by the habitual use of wines in their various kinds, and alcohol in its various shapes, even in so-called moderate quantities. This applies to people who are not in the least intemperate, and who are supposed to be fairly well." Sir William candidly admits that he does not know how alcohol acts upon the body, and—though some physiologists clamor loudly that they know all about it, and that alcohol is burnt as a hydrocarbon, and is therefore a food—he is undoubtedly in the right. But, though Sir William so honestly admits that the precise behavior of alcohol in the system is as yet unknown, he has seen enough, as all intelligent practitioners have, of its effects on the body and mind to warrant him in saying, "I know that it is a most deleterious poison." When asked if he means in excess, he answers promptly in the negative, and boldly announces his belief that "a very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it." When pressed by Lord Hartismere as to whether it is safe to leave off the use of alcohol at once, Sir William fairly laughs at the very idea of danger in these remarkable words:—"If you are taking poison into the blood, I do not see the advantage of diminishing the degrees of it from day to day. That point has been frequently put to me by medical men, but my reply has been: If your patient were poisoned by arsenic, would you still go on putting in the arsenic?" Sir William is quite as emphatic on the absurdity of supposing that the injurious influence of impure water can be lessened by admixture with alcohol. He confesses that, though alcohol is an antiseptic, he would be very cautious about using it as an antiseptic in his drink. He would rather abstain from drinking the water. Even on the delicate question of the medical administration of alcoholic liquors Sir William is very advanced in his views. It has constantly been his practice to treat fever without alcohol, and he is quite satisfied that in the rare cases where alcohol may be of benefit, as a medicinal agent, it does not cure the disease, which runs its course irrespective of the alcohol. In fact, he holds that alcohol, in such cases, acts as a sedative or a narcotic, deadening the feelings of the patient and rendering him more indifferent to the morbid process. Such are the main points in this remarkable evidence. The witness is above suspicion on the score of enthusiasm, fanaticism, or bigotry. He has had enormous experience in the treatment of disease, and his professional skill is as highly esteemed by the nation as it is appreciated by the Court. If the people of Great Britain will not believe the testimony as to the uselessness and injuriousness of intoxicating beverages in health, of one of the most distinguished physiologists, the most accomplished surgeons, and the most favored physicians of our country, they are, indeed, difficult to convince. — *Alliance News.*

HERE AND THERE.

From a mother's lips I had heard frequent lamentations over a beloved son. Brave had he been in his country's service and faithful to her cause. But the temptations of the camp had been stronger than his powers of resistance, and he had fallen apparently a prey to the destroyer.

Now from the same lips, quivering and tremulous with grateful joy, I have heard recently that her son had renounced his evil habits; had signed the "Temperance pledge," and had become an attentive worshipper with her, at her church.

Scarcely could she express in words the gratitude that beamed upon her face; and the strong conviction on her mind that this result was an answer to prayer, and to the instrumentality of "a good woman"—an active worker in her church—who had exerted all her influence to this end.

This mother has since told me that her reformed son met, in a state of intoxication, a young man who had been one of his former companions. "Oh, Will Armstrong!" exclaimed the poor inebriate in tears, "when I saw you going to church with your mother, I prayed to God that I might be the next."

His friend could scarcely restrain his own emotion, as he replied, "Come on then, and God helping me, I will do all I can for you."

"God helping me!" In these words lies all his power to keep his pledge, or to aid his companion to join him in the path he is treading: "God help me!" Let this be his frequent and fervent ejaculation, especially at the moment of temptation, when the sight of the intoxicating cup or the voice of a companion would lead him to break his resolution.

Says one whose experience of life has given him a deep knowledge of our human nature, its foibles and its weaknesses: "If a man cannot pass a drinking saloon, and resist the temptation to enter it, let him go a 'square' out of his way to avoid it." But to do even this requires the petition: "God help me!"

And may not Christians in their closets, as well as in the public gatherings, lend their aid to these, the weak, the erring, and the fallen ones, struggling in the grasp of the tempter? Let not their prayers ascend for those alone who are kindred and friends, or for those alone who are within the circle of their knowledge. But for all—the weak, the tempted, the fallen, the sorrow-stricken of this world—let petitions arise from every Christian heart and blend together as an acceptable offering, as holy incense before the throne of God.

So shall the "power of prayer" be felt in the remotest regions where our feet have never trod, and descend in blessings upon those whom our eyes have never seen, and never can see till we meet beyond the vail.—*N. Y. Observer.*

— The following resolutions were passed at a great meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross, held in Exeter Hall, London, on Monday evening, October 15th, under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Manning, supported by a large number of the Catholic clergy:—1. That we, who are assembled at this meeting in honor of the birthday of the great Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, look back with affectionate gratitude upon his mighty labors and his wonderful success; and are determined, each one of us, either by the practice and promotion of total abstinence, or at least by the practice and promotion of the strictest temperance, to continue and to extend the work in which Father Mathew labored and died. 2. That, whereas the practice of total abstinence is for all persons the surest, and for many persons the only safeguard of temperance, we earnestly call upon all who are not as yet total abstainers, either to become such—for their own sake or as an example to others, or at least to regard with approval a practice on which the religious, social, and domestic happiness of a vast number of our fellow-creatures depends. 3. That, while it is our duty as Catholics to have our own total abstinence associations, we nevertheless most heartily wish success to all persons who, though not Catholics, are promoting by their respective associations the great cause of temperance; and we especially regard with approval the political action of the "United Kingdom Alliance" in supporting the "Permissive Bill," which has for its object the removal of public temptations to intemperance.

WHO SHOULD SUPPORT INEBRIATE ASYLUMS.—A lady writes from Indiana to the *Temperance Advocate* making the following suggestion: A thought which has of late forced itself quite frequently upon me has voiced itself for utterance, and I beg a place in your paper to enquire of the reformers of the day, why the first petition to the legislature of every license State should not be for an act compelling every saloon-keeper in the State to pay a tax sufficient to support an inebriate asylum. The good old State of Indiana licenses men to make drunkards, but makes no provision for their care or cure; and recently, when poor Luther Benson, crazed by the appetite which was kept on fire by the licensed dram-shops which stared at him on every hand, had no protection except to flee to the penitentiary or insane asylum, and he chose the latter. That one example alone is a blot on the fair name of Indiana, yet there are thousands of such cases. Let us send up a petition to the legislature of every State which licenses the traffic, that they who make drunkards take care of their productions. The Lodges can then save their dollars to take care of the drunkard-makers.

Agricultural Department.

CULTIVATION OF GREEN CROPS.

In this country the cultivation of the cereals has overshadowed almost everything else in ordinary tillage, so that comparatively little attention has been given to turnips, mangel wurzel, carrots, and other roots, to which the term "green crops" is generally applied. Although the conditions are less favorable to their growth on this side of the Atlantic than in Europe, especially in Great Britain, the time is drawing near when such crops will receive greater attention in the older agricultural States than has been given to them in the past. Among the obvious reasons which point to such a result the most prominent are that the methods and processes employed in general husbandry must be supplemented by others more in harmony with the changed conditions, not only of the soil, but of the demands that are made upon it for food and raiment. Grain crops cannot be grown successively year after year on the same land without reducing its productive capacity for such crops at last, below the point of profit. The older States have learned this lesson by costly experience. This is attested by sterile districts in New England that once were fertile; by barren fields in portions of the middle States; by vast wastes of exhausted plantations in the South, and by the steady decline in the yield of crops in the earliest settled Western States. It is, indeed, the unvarying history of agriculture everywhere; but it is a lesson which seemingly has to be learned over and over again by successive generations. It is but a question of time when the great "corn belt" of the West will refuse to honor the drafts of the farmer in paying crops, unless a system is adopted which will stop the drain made on the soil year after year by this crop, and restore the elements of which it is being exhausted.

And right here we are reminded by the reports from some of our crop and weather correspondents of the partial failure of the corn crop in some localities on account of an unfavorable season; a fact that indicates to farmers very plainly the necessity of growing green crops, thereby providing something for their domestic animals when corn or grass crops disappoint expectation.

It is hardly to be expected, however, that a system which is so different from that widely practised in this country will come very rapidly into use. The transition will take place only as fast as necessity for the change shall become apparent and the value of a mixed husbandry embracing green crops is better understood. Experience here, as elsewhere, will hasten its adoption. Our progressive men will understand—many of them do now—that the introduction of the green crops will be of great benefit to the soil, and thus improve their circumstances. The fundamental principle in this system consists in "rotation," or, as it is sometimes called, "alternate husbandry," and in order to secure the best results, green crops must enter into the rotation and be consumed on the farm. We cannot better illustrate this fact than by referring to the difference between the productive capacity of land in Great Britain at present and in former times. Many years ago naked fallows were employed as a preparation for wheat. When the land had been cropped for a number of years, it was seeded down and suffered to remain in grass for several years in order to recuperate its fertility. The land was scantily manured because the number of live stock kept was too small to supply manure except in restricted quantities; and this in turn was the result of a lack of sufficient provender to carry more than a limited number of animals through the winter. But a great and salutary change has taken place since the introduction of green crops, drill husbandry, and clear culture. The yield of an acre of grain crops has been very largely increased. In the first place it has been demonstrated that these crops are valuable for feeding purposes at all seasons; that by their consumption an amount of manure is made which cannot otherwise be so economically obtained; and that thus yield of grain crops has been increased to an extent far beyond former limits, and this too without the loss of time which the old method involved.

It may be said that our cheap lands as compared with the high-priced "holdings" of Great Britain render the adoption of the method of culture employed there unnecessary here. But if we can increase the fertility of our farms and realize large profits by following their example, is it not wise to do so?

The future of the dead meat traffic between this country and Europe gives this matter additional interest. It is only the best beef produced here that is taken for export; and yet this beef is not equal in quality to the best beef raised by English and Scotch farmers. But, as Mr. Macdonald (of the *Scotsman*) says, *there are no permanent reasons* why America cannot produce as good beef as either England or Scotland. We can grow the food, if we had the cattle to make a proper use of it. To a certain extent we have improved cattle, but not in sufficient quantity to supply a steady demand for really first class beef; indeed, our system of feeding does not produce an article of such excellence as is produced by our trans-Atlantic friends. But we shall raise such cattle in greater quantities by-and-by, and, as the *Scotsman's* correspondent remarks, when our farmers come to see the advantage of careful, liberal, and systematic feeding, we shall produce an article as good as can be found anywhere. The States, whence this supply of first class beef cattle will come, are those where green crops are required to bring the soil back to a condition of high fertility, for those crops require the adoption of methods of culture which not only improve the mechanical condition of the soil, but stimulate the production of manure to constantly enrich it.—*From the Western Rural.*

SOME GOOD IN BAD TIMES.

We observe on very many of our Eastern farms a much stronger disposition to make "improvements" than has been manifest for many a year. More rough land is cleared; more stones are put into walls or drains; more bushels are dragged out; more of boggy lowlands are put into presentable condition. In short, improvements are taking an eminently practical bearing, and are less lavished upon processes of "slicking up," and painting, and mere house beautifying.

The promise is a good one, and the tendency is a direct out-come of the "hard times." For, first, labor is cheap, and farmers can better afford the extra two or three or four hands than in times when each man of them would be insistant upon his $1.75 or $2 a day. Again, the farmer's own team—which, in the high-pressure period of 1870, or thereabout, was decoyed by high pay into street-making or dock-filling or cellar-digging and work outside the farm, is now confronted with such a let-down in prices and lack of demand, that the farmer is forced to plan home-work to keep his team fairly occupied. The prices, too, which came in high-pressure times, went largely into bonds or stocks that were tempting by high interest and low cost, and which are now largely melted into thin air. The present team-work upon the farm, if it bring no money in hand, will, if sagaciously directed, make the bases of sure though slow and moderate returns.

Again, every working farmer has been educated by the pinch and wreck of the last few years into a larger confidence in the security and soundness of his own calling. With thousands in all quarters out of work, he is never out of work. Special mechanical trades have come to a stand-still, but farm-work need never be at a stand-still. Every recurring morning invites to the same industry as yesterday, and the industry promises unfailing return. If there is glut in one crop, there is hope in another; and if there be temporary over-production — which never happens—there is the opportunity and incentive to fall back upon the working out of those permanent improvements which will make culture easier, and wider, and surer in the years to come.

We don't mean to repeat the old, stereotyped arguments of the agricultural orators in favor of farm life; we only want to show how these hard times we are living in (and now getting out of, slowly,) have given a good clinch to the old common-sense notion that a man who does good work upon the land is sure of his reward—in bad times as well as good times. The old drift into pursuits that promised quick and extravagant gains has got a smart blow between the eyes; and the sober second sight, that reckons things at long range, is held in more regard. We can give no better word of advice to farmers in these days than to act on the assurance, made good by defaulters all around him, that his "trade" is a good one, and worth pushing in this time of low-priced labor, to the full limit of his income.

If there is an old swale of land with tussocks of moss, and hidden stones, and growth of hardhack, that has been an eye-sore and been doing nothing, now is the time to uproot it, and tear it in pieces, and bury the stones and bring it to level. If not in time for this autumn's sowing to rye, it will after the frosts, and the slightest dressing with superphosphates (or, may be, only a good liming), give an oat crop next season, and a quick following stand of clover.

If there is a low-lying bit of land, which has bothered you this many a year with its multiplying bogs, and foul growth, put a ditch through it, clip off the bogs, pile them and burn them, spread the ashes, with such other fertilizing material (lime may be the best of all) as you can command; covering the ground with your harrow, and next spring with a new harrowing—whenever the meadow will bear the team, give it a dressing of foul-meadow grass-seed and red-top. You will find your account in it.

Have you a piece of mowing, through the best of which a little runlet of water tempts sour and coarse grasses to grow? For if you can not by a dam somewhere above, and by a few deft openings with the plow, lead away the excess of water to portions of the field that need it, and relieve the wet bottom of its overplus of moisture, do not be muddled and taken aback by any scientific and long-winded treatises on the true method of irrigation. The truest of all methods of irrigation is to take water from land where you do not want it, and persuade it to flow over lands where you do want it. Three days' work of this sort will often effect an amazing change in the grass-bearing capacity of a field.

Have you a high-lying piece of ground, with stumps that make its cultivation a torture to men and teams? There can be no better time to give them a hoist; dynamite, with a safe man for handling, will do it quicker and easier than it could ever have been done before. And the field, after such handling, will very likely prove the best you could find for a new set of orchard—for which the nursery stock, of all approved varieties, was never so cheap as now.

Do you plead costs as a bar? Well, how do you reckon costs? You may, indeed, recall a time within seven years, when you might have hired out your team and your force, during the fortnight or month, requisite in such a job, for a sum that would have purchased smooth land adjoining. Suppose this to be true even now, and you would only have the mere fences to make, the mere taxes to pay—without the satisfaction of having subdued roughness, and brought it into harness for human wants. But the chances are, that there is no such outside opportunity for work, and that your teams are idling, in the vain hope that something may "turn up."

An earnest man builds his satisfaction upon conquests; and the satisfaction of reducing a rough, ungainly lot of land to evenness, and comeliness, and productiveness, is one of the richest that a farmer can enjoy; ten times better than the satisfaction of having turned a "good trade." And then, the record is always there before him—ensuring results to his children, if not to himself. There can be no better time than now for making the waste places smooth. And the low wages and the "hard times" are making results possible upon the farm, which never were so easily attainable as now. Therefore, WE SAY, IMPROVE, to the utmost.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WASHING BUTTER.—Mrs. Judd gives her housewifely experience thus: My experience in butter making is that butter that is not washed will keep better than that which is. I think milk should have deep setting and plenty of air and light. One great cause of so much poor butter comes not from the want of pains in caring for it, but because of the milk not being skimmed in proper time. We use a barrel churn, are particular to have our cream at sixty-two degrees, and never churn longer than half an hour. At the end of that time the buttermilk is drawn off, and we have never failed of having butter in nice shape. It requires but little working on taking it out of the churn. On the second working we take a cloth that has been wrung as dry as possible in cold water, and wipe each portion as it is put into a jar. This absorbs the buttermilk, and any lurking atom of moisture in this way is prevented from becoming a cause of *rancidity*. Washing butter gives it a much lighter color than it would have without washing. Water gives it a more salvy appearance. Butter must not have too much working, and it requires less to extort buttermilk than water. We think an ounce of salt to two pounds of butter insures a better article than more salt. It is a mistaken idea that salt will preserve butter. About four per centum of butter is sugar. We all know what effect water has on sugar; it certainly does not add to its sweetness. If butter is washed, it must wash this sweetness out. Now if the butter has lost its sweetness wherewith shall it be sweetened? It is henceforth good for nothing but to be cast out into the class of washed butter.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

SOFT SOAP FOR TREES.—I had a friend who used soap till his trees were polished—one could see his face reflected from the bark; eventually, he lost his trees, especially cherry and plum trees. Several neighbors saw his trees and commenced soaping theirs. When he and one other man lost some fine cherry trees, all quit that knew the result. The trouble is in applying it in hot weather. The alkali evaporates and leaves the grease; the sun cooks the bark. If used in the fall, it will kill all insects and their eggs. The spring rains will wash the trees before hot weather. Strong soap suds may be used any time if not too strong and too often. It is so very good for trees. After trying it, and seeing the good effect, one is apt to go to extremes in using it. No danger late in the fall.—*J. M. H., in Fruit Recorder.*

DOMESTIC.

TO MAKE APPLE SAUCE.—Pare, quarter, and cut the quarters open, put into a large bowl or earthen pudding dish, sprinkle sugar between the layers, pour in a cup of water, cover with a plate, and bake in a slow oven for several hours. If I have much fire I leave the oven door open.

RENOVATING BLACK SILK.—Do not iron black silk. Peel two potatoes, slice them thin, pour one pint of boiling water on them, and let them stand four hours. When ready for immediate use, put about a quarter of a teacupful of alcohol into the liquor. Sponge the silk well on the worn side, rubbing any shiny spots with care; and then roll it tightly around a thick pole. This renews its freshness, and cleans it well.

NO EGG CAKE.—One cup of sugar and one-half cup of butter beaten to a cream, one cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of raisins or currants, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Spice with cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg to taste. This makes a nice fruit cake to all appearance, and keeps well. I frequently make an impromptu pudding, by steaming slices of this cake, and serving with sweet sauce.

WASHING FLANNELS.—Cut very finely about a quarter of a pound of best yellow soap, pour on it hot water, and let it dissolve; add sufficient for your use, and when luke-warm stir in a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia; then soak in the flannels and let them remain half an hour; then wash them well and rinse them in a second luke-warm water, with another spoonful of ammonia; if a third be used, the ammonia must be repeated.

TO FRESHEN PAINT.—Tea leaves may be saved from the table for a few days, and when sufficient are collected, steep, and not boil them for half an hour in a tin pan; strain the water off through a sieve, and use this tea to wash all varnished paint. It removes spots and gives a fresher, newer appearance than when soap and water is used. For white paint take up a small quantity of whiting on a damp piece of old white flannel, and rub over the surface lightly, and it will leave the paint remarkably bright and new.—*N. Y. Herald.*

WASHING.—The following suggestions are recommended by a correspondent who has tested them. For ordinary washing, use a tablespronful of borax to every five gallons of water, and two ounces of soap; soak the clothes in this over night; give them a thorough boiling without wringing. When the clothes are very much soiled, see that the water is made soft with borax. Clothes thus washed will not turn yellow. In washing flannels, use one tablespoonful of borax to five gallons of water, without soap. It will not shrink them. For starching linen, use one teaspoonful of borax to one pint of boiling starch. For washing and bleaching laces, put one teaspoonful of borax to one pint of boiling water; leave your articles to soak in the solution for twenty-four hours, then wash with a little soap. For cleansing black cashmeres, wash in hot suds with a little borax in the water; rinse in blueing water—very blue, and iron on the wrong side while damp.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—We shall now be having buckwheat cakes nearly every day through the winter. There was not time to "raise" the first batch, so I mixed them right up, as many do, with buttermilk, salt and saleratus; and oh, dear, they were just as heavy as they could be. I never could make any fit to eat, that way. I do wish some one would teach me how. I was saying so to an old housekeeper, and says she, "That is no way to make buckwheat cakes; it is a waste; they should be raised." Her buckwheat cakes are always as light as sponge cake, and as white, almost, as wheat. She told me how she manages. She uses none but the best grade of flour—and there is as much difference in the grade of buckwheat flour as there is of wheat. She says it is waste to use the inferior grades, that such flour does not go so far in a family. She mixes the batter quite stiff, using buttermilk as wetting, or if the buttermilk be very thick and somewhat scarce, puts it part water, adding enough good yeast to raise it; then when light enough and about to be baked, she stirs in a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in warm water. She did not say, but of course she must add a little salt. She says the first batch will not be so nice, but by mixing each time to what remains in the jar, they grow whiter, no other yeast being needed, only perhaps at long intervals to renew it. She adds soda each time before baking.—*Cor. Household.*

RAG AND TAG.

BY MRS. EDMUND WHITTAKER,

(Author of "Hilda and Hildebrand," "The Return from India," "Little Nellie," &c.)

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

"Well, never mind, Rag, it can't be 'elp'd; ye did yer best, that I know, and we shall 'ave it bad enough soon without my grumblin' at yer, an' I prom'sed to take care on yer when ye was littler than ye are now—so you may think you was small—and I'll stick to my promise; but take my a'vice, Rag: get their supper ready, an' then lie down in yer corner, an' go asleep or purtend."

"What will you do, Tag?—go asleep too?"

"No, I must be ready for 'squarin' up.' We'll 'ave no more 'squarin' up' after to-night, Rag; we'll leave this 'ere 'orrible place to-morrer an' work for ourselves."

"Tag!" and Rag turned down, with the end of a candle she had taken off the board, lighted and stuck into a bottle. "Is that yer secrit—hooray!—but what ever shall we do?"

"Lots an' lots o' things—beg, black boots, run messages, and get on somehow; other chil'ren get on, and so can we. Why should we stay 'ere; they're not our parens; they only makes use on us, an' beats an' starves us; it's yer soldgers, Rag, as 'as done it—I can't abear to look on 'em;" and with a sob he could not restrain Tag bent his head down on his knees and said no more.

In a moment Rag's arms were round his neck, whilst she tried to comfort him in her poor imperfect little way.

"My soldgers is nothin,' Tag; lor! it's rather nice to be slapped when they don't do it too much and too quick; it makes one's blood run back'ards and forrards, an' up and down, an' keeps one warm like. Don't think too much on me, Tag; lor! I'm 'customed to it, an' scarce feels it; there, give us a kiss, Tag, an' don't you cry."

"I'se not cryin,' Rag. I'se only restin' my head; be quick an' get their supper, and we'll get into our corners."

Rag peered into the old box where the "dreadful ones'" food was kept.

"There's not much for 'em to-night—only a piece of cheese, some bread, and this 'alf of a bottle full. I wonders why they like this stuff so much; it burns my lips so dreadful bad, and makes my throat tickle an' my eyes cry. Oh, it's just like burnin' flames — it's 'orrid," cried Rag, as she put the bottle down.

Tag started to his feet. "What are you doin,' Rag?" he cried in a voice so loud and unlike himself that Rag was quite surprised. "Never, never as long as you live, do sich a trick agin; that's pison, that stuff as you've been tastin'; 'twill burn an' burn, and go on burnin' an' kill yer. Oh, Rag, what 'ave you done?"

"Will it kill me straight off, Tag? I only took a little, an' it's burnin' me fearful bad."

"How much did ye get in yer mouth, Rag—show me quick!"

"Ever so little, it wor so hot; it a'most took my breathin' away, so I stopt."

RAG AND TAG GAZING IN THE JEWELLER'S SHOP.

"Well, it won't kill yer this once, but never do it once more; it killed father an' it killed mother—and if it killed my little Rag, what should I do? I should die too." And Tag's white face quivered, and a look came all over it as though he would cry if he had time and dared, but he had not, and it passed off, leaving him whiter than before.

"I didn't know all that, Tag; I didn't know as mother died of that;" and Rag pushed the bottle further away.

"Not of that, Rag; mother wouldn't a-touched a drop, not for anythin;' but it killed father, an' that killed her, for she got ill, an' he spended all the money on that, an' mother an' us got nothin;' and after he wor dead, she worked an' worked with her needle till she wor dead too, an' then we got here with the 'dreadful ones.' They kept lodgin's once, an' a betterer shop than this; but times got hard, an' they com'd here and we comed with 'em, an' they get crosserer and crosserer an' wickeder an' wickeder ev'ry day."

"An' we get hungrier an' hungrier, an' tireder an' tireder ev'ry day. Oh, Tag, I wish as I was the little gel who's sick an' you the man as wanted the oranges for her: she'll be 'spinted arter all; she'll not get 'em to-night, Tag, an' I promised," added Rag, sadly.

CHAPTER II.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! along the street above them, and suddenly down came the two large sacks into the cellar, followed by their owners.

"Into your corners directly, you young dogs; what are you wasting candles for?" growled out the hard, savage voice of the "dreadfulest." "You've been up to some tricks, I'll be bound. Where's the board, and what 'ave you sold?"

"Everythin'," replied Rag, boldly.

"'Everythin'!' what d'ye mean?"

"Everythin' off the board is sold," answered Tag.

"Where's the money?"

"'Ere in the bag," and Tag handed it over to him. Out poured the money into the palm—the hard, horny, dirt-begrimed palm of the "dreadfulest." Rag bent forward eagerly: her heart nearly stopped beating in her anxiety to see whether amongst the shillings, sixpences, three-penny-pieces, fourpences, and coppers, which came out, the beautiful large half-crown should make its appearance.

"Is this all you got for all the goods?" asked the "dreadfulest" fiercely, after he had with the aid of his companion counted the money. "Five an' sixpence—an' you should have got eight shillin's at the very least!"

"That's all as we got," replied Tag, doggedly; "an' we did our best."

"Then bad's yer best, Tag, and what's more I don't believe yer;" so saying he undid the leather strap which fastened the sack to his shoulders, and taking hold of Tag gave him several severe blows across his bare arms and legs.

"Will you hand it over now, or will you have some more of the leather?"

"I've no more for you," and Tag turned towards his corner.

"That won't do, my young friend Tag," and the "dreadful one" caught hold of him this time. "You know you've more coppers stowed away somewhere; you had better bring 'em out without the help of 'this,'" and he pointed to the strap.

"I've no more money—you've got all, and I'm goin' to sleep."

"Then come here—you will have it, and it's yer own fault;" so saying the "dreadfulest" brought down the strap so savagely over Tag's poor thin little back that it took his breath away and brought him down on the hard brick floor.

"Give it 'im, Tag—do give it 'im," screamed out Rag; "he'll kill you, he will—I knows 'im;" but Tag silenced her with a look, and she lay down again in her corner trembling; but her unfortunate speech was heard.

"So you knows somethin' of it, do you? Come here," and the "dreadful one" seized her and brought her forward to the light. "Now hand it over, and quickly; you know you've got it hid somewhere."

"I ain't got one penny. Tag's guv it all. Don'te bet me, don't!" she cried piercingly, as the strap was raised in the cruel

hand. But fast and faster came down the blows upon poor little Rag's shoulders, until, in spite of her declaration a short time before that she was "gettin' quite 'customed to it," the poor little half-starved, hardly-clad, scarce ten-years-old child fainted away.

"You've killed her! you've killed her—my little Rag, my darlin'," exclaimed Tag, as he rushed to her side, and raising her gently, leant her head against his shoulder. "Hands off!" he said fiercely—almost as fiercely as the men could have said it themselves—when they drew near to look at the child. "You've killed her, an' I'll set the perleece on yer, if yer kills me for it, I will."

"Look here, Tag," interrupted the "dreadfulest." "One word more, and I'll give you such a punishment as you've never felt afore. She's not killed; she's only fainting, and will come to directly. Give her this," and he put the bottle containing the gin into Tag's hand. The only thanks he got from the boy was the bottle thrown to the other side of the cellar and smashed to pieces.

"You do deserve it, you do, you ungrateful young varmint," cried the enraged man; and raising his hand, Tag would have received a blow which would have quickly laid him beside Rag, had not his companion caught hold of his uplifted arm, and after whispering a few words in his ear, they both left the cellar.

"Rag, Rag, lill' darlin'; look at me; look at yer own Tag. They've gone away, an' we'll go too. We'll go away as soon as iver you can walk. Try and stir, Rag."

"I'm stirrin' all right, Tag. I'm only a little dazed like. I wor dead for a bit, worn't I? That wor a hard blow of the 'dreadfulest'—the hardest he iver guv. It made me cold instead of warm. He niver hitted so hard afore."

"An' he'll niver hit so hard again!" burst out Tag. "We'll be off, Rag, an' this werry minit too, or they'll be back."

"You've got the big shillin' safe?" whispered Rag, faintly; "though I nearly spilte all. But I couldn't abear to see the blows on yer arms an' legs. Tag, oh, how—how we hates them!" she added vehemently.

"Wait till I'm a man, Rag!" and Tag clenched his little fist; "see if I don't pay 'em out; if they put me in prison for it, I'll pay 'em out!"

"But 'appen they'll die afore then," sighed Rag, wearily.

"I wish as they was dead now—dead this werry minit, an' could niver hurt us any more. But wishin' is no use;" and Tag rose up. "Let's be off at once afore they comes back; we've nothin' to take with us, 'ceptin' the half-crown. We shall walk werry light, that's a comfort. Come on, Rag, quick; don't stay a-fussin' there."

"One minit, Tag, one minit. Jist strike a match for once more afore we goes. I do want my lill' l'elfent. I've kept 'im an' kept 'im ever so long—ever since I can 'member; an' I shouldn't like 'im to be put on the board, an' mebbe Carrots get 'im for nothin';" and from underneath the little heap of straw in the corner which formed her resting-place at night, Rag pulled out a little broken wooden elephant. White, and pretty, and solid-looking it had once been, but now he was a wreck of his former self—blackened with much handling, tears, and kisses; two legs gone, one tusk and only half a proboscis left. It was only the eye of love that could have beheld any beauty in him; but to poor little tattered, half-starved Rag it was her real dearly-loved "lill' l'elfent"—her only treasure, and often when the poor little aching limbs, after one of the "dreadfulest's" strappings, had kept her awake half the night, her only comfort.

"You can't carry 'im in yer hand, Rag; he'll fall out when yer gets right down cold; an' what'll ye do if yer loses 'im? See here, take this," and Tag's quick eyes spied out in a corner of the sack a large red handkerchief. "It's not much as they ever guv us, so lay hold on it quick, tie up l'elfent in it, an' throw it over yer 'ead—'twill be cold enough when we're out; an' see here," going to a heap of ragged clothes in the corner, "I'll take this." The "this" was an old corduroy jacket, far too large for him; but it covered him well, which was what he needed. "If only I could find somethin' for yer soldgers, Rag, we'd do. Strike another match, quick," and he turned the heap over impatiently.

"That's my sort!" eagerly exclaimed Rag, as she pulled out a small red plaid shawl, and wrapped it round her. "This'll look ever so fine, an' it's ever so comfor'ble. Let's go now, afore they can come an' ketch us," and away the poor little things went out into the dimly-lighted street, away for ever from the rude shelter which for long had been their only home—away into the large world of London, of which they formed such a tiny part, and yet in the sorrow and misery, pain and trouble of which they, although barely ten and eleven years old, had borne such a large part. Kept by these two men after the death of their parents, if at first from any feeling of humanity, yet afterwards merely for their own advantage and gain; ill-clad, ill-treated, ill-fed, scarcely ever allowed to stir from their dismal cellars, except to be taken into the more frequented streets to beg or steal; uncared for, uncaring—each day coming in contact with those as ignorant as themselves—vice of all sorts growing up unreproved and unchecked around them; their only aim and object to sell what they could, take what they could, and make all the money they could for the two hard bad men calling themselves their masters—what wonder if the poor children thought nothing of lying, stealing, cheating, or what means they took to secure for themselves food sufficient to keep them alive, or clothes to cover them.

"Where are you goin,' Tag?" asked the little girl, as he hurried her along up one street and down another, but always farther and farther from the one they had left.

"I dunno exac'ly, but anywhere as long as we gets away from there, I'm so afeard of their finding us and gettin' us back; let's go on an' on, an' to-morrer we'll find somethin' to do. Would you like to look at some o' the large gran' shops?—we are gettin' close to them."

You may imagine Rag's answer. For half an hour the cellar, the board, "lill' l'elfent," even the "dreadful ones," were forgotten, in their joy and delight as they gazed in at the windows of the beautifully lighted shops, and saw all the lovely things displayed for sale.

They were now in front of a large jeweller's and amongst the precious stones and ornaments exposed to view none so attracted Rag as a beautiful necklace composed of large stars of diamonds which, lying in its soft velvet case, flashed and sparkled as the precious stones gave out their brilliant colors in the bright gaslight; to Rag's wondering and delighted eyes they seemed to quiver and quaver and run over with beauty.

"Oh, the lovelies!" she exclaimed; "if only I could have one, wouldn't I wear it around my neck, an' warm my fingers on it when they're cold, an' shake it afore my eyes to see the pretty lights. What are they, Tag; an' what are they made of?"

"Stars," answered Tag; "that's what they are."

Rag raised her eyes to the spangled heavens above and gazed earnestly for a moment.

"Stars!" she repeated wonderingly. "Howsumever did they get 'em down?"

But the jeweller's men coming out to put up the shutters put an end to further enquiries, and Rag and Tag moved on.

"S'pose' we find somethin' to sit on," suggested Rag. "I'se sure lill' l'elfent is tired an' hungry."

Accordingly, on a doorstep close at hand the two seated themselves, and after finishing a good part of the plum-pudding and bread they had so carefully put away in the afternoon, they fell asleep. Curious dreams they had that night—now they were running away as fast as they could from the "dreadful ones;" now they were selling their goods; now Rag was hunting for oranges, and now Tag was hunting for her. Soundly, soundly, in spite of the cold, they were sleeping, each curled up side by side on the wide step. Presently Rag found herself far away from the oranges and going in search of the little sick girl, when suddenly the beautiful diamond star came dancing before her eyes so brightly, so vividly, so dazzlingly, that it quite pained her, and with an exclamation she awoke—to find a policeman holding a lantern close to her face and shaking her arm.

"Move on, my children,"—and he said it not unkindly; "you ought to be home; where is your home? If I find you here again, I shall have to take you up."

"Up?—up where?" asked Rag.

"Well, down if you like, into prison."

"Oh, but we're agoin' 'ome—indeed we are," interupted Tag quickly; "we were only restin' a little, for we wor tired; we'll not stay 'ere another minit; come on, Rag," and away they went.

(*To be Continued.*)

—"They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—*The Wonders of Prayer.*

The Family Circle.

AFTER THE SERMON.

THE WORLDLING.

Hereafter! Yes, the preacher said "Hereafter."
I would forget,
But strangely, 'mid the mirth and jest and laughter,
Creeps vague regret,
And then the word that haunts me even yet.

I want no future, darkening the present,
To tremble at;
Earth is too fair to lose, and life too pleasant,
For musings flat,
And groundless fears; hereafter—what of that?

It is a something undefined, mysterious,
Dreamy, ideal;
Though he who spoke in simple language serious,
In faith so leal,
Made it, methought, less hazy, almost real.

Nay, that I like not! Pondering thus is folly;
And, truth to own,
The fancy makes one moody, melancholy;
Yet this unknown
It will be mine to face one day—alone.

Well, others face it. Coward heart, be braver;
Come eat and drink,
Hereafter—'tis a shadow: wherefore waver
And quail and shrink?
If it be more—we will not pause to think.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Unto my listening soul, like wings to waft her
In thought away,
The preacher's word came soothingly. "Hereafter,"
I heard him say,
And straight a vision saw of endless day—

Of endless joy! Here charms of earth when strongest
Do take their flight;
And all her sweetest days, and all her longest,
And those most bright,
Must fade too soon in darkness of the night.

Hereafter, endless life, and peace unbroken;
No measured span;
But life, eternal life, by every token
Vouchsafed to man
Since the round world her circling course began.

Hereafter! let the certainty sustain us
In darkest hours.
Hereafter! well might mortal toys enchain us
Were it not ours;
But who would lose the fruitage for the flowers?

My soul, bestir thee! Live not for the present,
Life is too brief;
And earth and time are things too evanescent
To be the chief.
Hereafter is—act thou on thy belief.

—*Sunday at Home.*

THOSE ACADEMY BOYS.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

"I have found in my expee-ri-ence," said once an old provincial philosopher, "that mankind in general is very much like the generality of mankind."

Had he said boy-kind the case would not have been different; yet when people spoke of the North Bend boys they were in the habit of shaking their heads, as if they were denying the unstated proposition that they were not worse than other boys. As if they were affirming that the boys of East, West, and South Bend were of quite another sort.

In the centre of the pretty village stood their academy, a great drab building, with a flat, projecting roof and a belfry on it; the whole looking like a fatherly, fat old Quaker, under his broad brim. But here the resemblance ceased. No Quaker ever harbored under his hat the iniquity that was covered by that old roof. In the topmost story roomed two or three dozen boys, who swarmed all over the building by day, and cut up unhallowed pranks by night. Next below came the recitation rooms and the one big school-room. On the floor below, dwelt the principal and his family,—the new principal; for so they still called him, although for six months he had been the incumbent of the office. For five years previous, the school had been ruled by a red-haired, keen-eyed, muscular heathen, who taught the fourth story boys with perfect suavity, in case they "toed the mark;" if they did not he labored with them, and they used to complain of rheumatism for some time after. His reign was an absolute monarchy; and throughout its duration, peace prevailed; when it ceased, anarchy and rebellion broke loose with tenfold fury.

Into such a domain came Professor Timothy Whitehart; and over such subjects was he to rule. He was six feet six inches tall, and almost too thin to cast a shadow. So erect was he that the back of his seedy, bottle-green coat was always an elongated hollow. His thin white hair was combed up straight and kept so by his steel-bowed spectacles. Precision and gravity enwrapt him as in a garment. He had been educated for the ministry, but succumbed to dyspepsia and retired early from active duties. He was now a walking compendium of all that the ancients knew and that the moderns have found out.

Well, one bright September morning, the professor took his seat in the great school-room and began exercises by reading and analysis of one the grandest chapters of Job. In the middle of it, Bill McGregor laughed out loud.

"William," said the professor with sorrowful benignity, "you have transgressed. You may stand with your face to the wall for five minutes."

Bill, seventeen years old and a ringleader in every riot, did it, knowing that the situation would convulse his *confreres*. And so it proved throughout the long but earnest prayer that followed. The day went by and before night, every scholar had settled it that nothing was to be feared from that preternatural gravity, these quaint methods of punishment, adapted to sensitive little girls. Then the ball opened, so to speak. And if ever fifty boys led one poor man a dance for life, that poor man was Professor Whitehart. They exhausted all the old traditional tricks and invented new ones, appalling and bewildering. They defied all schoolroom discipline by day, and organized a band of "jolly revellers" for nightly recreations. Had their former principal returned, nothing short of a wholesale slaughter would have satisfied him.

The present teacher had but one hold upon them; it was one of which neither he nor they were conscious; they liked his mode of imparting instruction, even though they would not listen much or study at all. He was so clear in his demonstrations, so enthusiastic in his child-like love of learning, that he made the air magnetic with this love, and they were insensibly attracted to what had hitherto repelled them. But he could not know this. He only knew that the great academy bell rang fire-alarms by night to arouse the citizens, and bring the firemen shouting under his windows, that old boots, ham-bones, and feather-beds, flew briskly out of the fourth story window, while dirty water from the hose spoiled half his library; and no one ever found out a cause for the commotion.

Thus it was that when six months had passed, the poor man was utterly dismayed. He would have resigned with joy, had he known any other way in which to earn a crust for his children, to whom he was father, mother, and nurse. Of the professor's life outside the schoolroom the boys knew actually nothing; if they had any idea about it, doubtless they fancied that he dined off Greek roots, evolved mathematical problems for his private amusement, and dreamed Roman history. But one morning matters reached a climax. The professor was late when school time came, and everything had been ready for him some time. That is to say, there were four torpedoes under the four legs of his chair, his Bible mark was changed from the Psalms to the Apocrypha and the boys were prepared to meet him with a full chorus of,

"Oh where have you been, charming Timmy
Oh where have you been so long?"

Suddenly the door opened and a seven-year-old boy, a veritable professor in miniature, announced: "Pa can't leave little Julia, she's been so sick all night, but he says the Virgil class may come down to him."

Fifteen boys tore down the old stairway like incarnate thunder, and five went by way of the banisters, in order to alight with the screeches of as many steam-whistles. Instinctively they divined where the kitchen was and went that way, so as to exercise the temper of a certain "Biddy" hitherto seen only at a distance. She was not there, but a pan of warm biscuit was. Each boy put one in his pocket for ammunition, and passed on. Something in the subdued light of the room, that served both as parlor and nursery, made them a little less noisy. The professor in an old flowered dressing-gown, was pacing up and down carrying a little yellow-haired girl; her face laid on his arm like a white blossom, and one tiny bare foot was thrust out of her night-dress. She turned her eyes wearily toward the boys, only stopping for a moment her plaintive wail. They shuffled into their places with some degree of order, and the professor remarked in a weak voice: "Go on, McGregor, I do not need a book."

For the first time in his teaching, the professor showed no enthusiasm over the old-time heroes. He mechanically corrected mistakes as he dipped his nervously shaking hands into water and wet the little head on his breast soothing the child's wail into a moan. He did not see, or did not care for the dough missiles that soon began to fly about. He only paced slowly up and down, with his old calico double gown flapping around his thin legs. The recitation was nearly over, when going nearer Bill McGregor than at any time before, he stopped a moment. The child's bare foot was within an inch or two of Bill, and the temptation was too strong. He tickled the little pink sole and leered suddenly into her face. She shrieked with terror, and flung up her arms around her father's gray head in a half convulsion.

For one second, the boys looking in the professor's face scarcely know him. The melancholy gray eyes flashed with a white light before which Bill recoiled, stammering in shame, "I only touched her toe. I didn't hurt her."

The father did not answer, but dropped into a chair, and, nestling the child in his arms, turned his back on their tormentors. After a while she grew quiet and went half asleep; but the professor did not move. The boys were recovering from their transient disapproval of Bill's manœuvre, when they saw with surprise the tall form of the professor bend, sway, slide sidewise, and in a moment he lay senseless on the floor, still holding the child.

One boy rushed to the kitchen. Bill McGregor lifted the sleeping little one, and, seeing no place to put her, stood and held her, while another dabbed his handkerchief in the child's tin cup of water and drew it across the face that looked so white and haggard against the old red carpet.

In a second the kitchen-door flew open and Biddy O'Flarity scattered the boys right and left; seizing the water, she continued its application, rubbing his hands, loosened his shirt-collar, and lifted up her voice, not to weep, but to let loose her wrath upon the guilty group.

"And now ye've done it, shure, ye dirty, iron-hearted spalpeens! There's niver a mother's son of ye but ought to be hangt! It is all night long the poor man has just walked, walked, walked, wid the babby a-moanin' in the arms of him. Ye've been a-killin' the body by slow murther and a-tormentin' the sowl out of him sinct six month, and I'll wager this morn have complated yer worruck! If any one of ye had had the harrut of a crocodile ye'd a held up wid yer fools' capers, whin 't is the docthur himself as said the marster war a goin' on fit to kill—not slapin' o' nights, all becas of ye, an' a-cumin' down from yer horrid classes wid a big groan out of him, like as if p'ace and patience had parted company wid him for iver. Faith, it made me blud to bile—" and Biddy paused a second, for a faint color was coming into the master's lips, and she became aware that she was rubbing his nose upward in her energy—"me blud to bile onct 'twor that day whin ye bruck the big windeys in the house forninst us. An' who paid for 'em? Will ye tell me that? He did, and wint widout mate for one week to make up for it. That day 't was he sez sorrowful like, 'I must give up the school, Bridget. I can't do me dooty wid the b'ys.'

"'Is it dooty?' sez I. 'Tis the bounden dooty of ye to lather 'em over the back wid a rawhide!'

"He stretched the thin hands of him out, and he sarched 'em over wid his glance. 'Will ye *do* it!' says I in deloight.

"'I cud,' sez he, 'old as I am, and wake too. But, Bridget,' sez he, 'naythur luve nor larnin' iver war bate in through the skin,' an' he wint off a-sighin. 'Twas rale mad I wor; but I had a right to cry too, and to wipe away me tears wid me dishcloth?"

"Hold up, Biddy, hold up. He's a-coming to," said Bill McGregor. "He only fainted away. Here, take this young one. Tell him upon my honor I never hurt her a bit; only touched her bare foot. Come, boys, we'd better vamoose."

By no means loath, the boys sidled out with backward glances at the sick child and prostrate man. Nobody ventured on a war-whoop in the hall, nor even seemed disposed for a right hearty scuffle. The rest of the day was a holiday for the professor's classes. At night the schoolroom bell called all together, as it only did on very unusual occasions. On the dimly-lighted rostrum sat the professor, stiffer, paler, and more solemn than ever. He waited until they were all in their seats; then, rising, he said, with a little quiver running through the precise measure of his tones:

"Boys, as you grow older, a certain experience may some time come to you. You may earnestly desire to do a good work for some one or more individuals, and yet, not being able to find out the right way, you may miserably fail. If this ever happens you will know, as you cannot now, how sore a heart I bear to-night. I hoped six months ago to become your beloved and respected teacher. I presume from your behavior that you hate me. I do not know why. There must be some reason; but I never meant that there should be. This is all I have to say upon that head. What I called you together for was to say that I have resolved to-morrow to give in my resignation to the trustees of the Academy. I am not the person to have charge of you. If, like brutes, you must be tamed with a lash, some one else must tame you. Before I go I would like to know if any of you have any accusation to bring against me—any cause for complaint. I wish to do justice to all. I cannot say, in going that I love you; yet I part with you in sorrow. I have not done you any good, and you have lost six months. This is bad; for time can never be redeemed. But God knows I could do no more. Will you be quiet enough for me to pray this once?"

When the short prayer was ended the professor walked down from the rostrum and out of the door, but the boys remained.

"What a row!" vouchsafed Bill McGregor, after a hush.

"Row" was a queer term to apply to the late exercises, but nobody objected to the word.

"I say let's switch off, let up steam, and behave ourselves," suggested another.

"'T won't do the professor any good now if we do," said the boy at his elbow, just as if it had been a question of doing the professor any good.

But we will not wait for the boys' entire conversation. They stayed there an hour longer; then Bill McGregor and five other boys went down to the professor's room. The rest went peaceably to bed for the first time in six months.

The next day the professor did not allude to the trustees, but he came up stairs with almost comical alacrity—pleased little ripples all around his mouth and a bright, kindly gleam in his eyes. It was a very strange day upon many accounts. Bill McGregor sawed wood in the cellar all recess for Bridget, and looked extremely disgusted when caught at it. Somebody gave the little Whitehearts a dozen oranges, and all through school-hours there was such a degree of attention that, forgetting its cause, the professor would start nervously at intervals with the quick fancy that it was the calm just before some new "gunpowder plot;" then recollecting himself he would smile with new-found happiness.

Now, I would not have any one imagine that the North Bend Academy boys had been converted at one "swoop," so to speak. The truth was the better they behaved the more ashamed of themselves they appeared to be; but away down deep in their souls they were most ashamed of the past six months, and in the months to come the professor became what he at first hoped to be, "a beloved, respected teacher."

"In coorse he is," soliloquized Bridget one day. "The blessed ould heretic saint, if iver there was sich, wid his head full of knowledge an' a name just fit for the likes of him! And by rayson of what did he raych this pint, if not all along of me own talk wid them b'ys. Faix, they're none too good yet; though 'tis thrue for 'em they threats him like a gintleman and a scholar, and well they may that. I dunno for whativer was b'ys made—the ragin', scraychin', blatherin' wretches! Arrah now, Bill McGregor. Bill! Bill! will ye be afther fetchin' a drap o' soft wather for me b'iler, honey? Come, now, till I give ye a ginger cake, Bill. 'Tis Biddy O'Flarity as says ye're a jewel, Bill!"—*Christian Weekly.*

REFUSING CHRIST.

A refusal of Christ is a much easier, and yet a much more terrible thing than most men suppose. A neglect to hear him is a refusal of him. Christ calls us every day and every moment; and when he calls, we either accept or reject him. There is no possible way of escape. There is no neutral ground. Our lives are a continual acceptation or rejection of him. When Christ calls us to be his disciples, we reach a wonderful crisis in our lives. Eternal life or eternal death is suspended on our decision. The question is continually before us, and an answer must be had. It is imperative. A neglect or a failure to decide in the affirmative necessitates a decision in the negative. When our fellowmen present questions of importance, we give them a respectful hearing. Shall we be less respectful to God? What astonishing and daring presumption! Men would not brook many refusals. Christ has borne with us times without number, but he will not always bear thus. There is a point of forbearance beyond which God can not go; and when we consider how often we have already refused him, we do not know how soon that point may be reached. "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." Heb. xii: 25.—*Advocate.*

UNCLE TOM.

(*Continued.*)

After her fears had been quieted, his wife said: "'But how are you going to raise enough to pay the remainder of the thousand dollars?' 'What thousand dollars?' 'The thousand dollars you are to give for your freedom.' Oh, how those words smote me! At once I suspected treachery. Again and again I questioned her as to what she had heard. She persisted in repeating the same story as the substance of my master's letters. Master Amos said I had paid three hundred and fifty dollars down, and when I had made up six hundred and fifty more I was to have my free papers. I now began to perceive the trick that had been played upon me, and to see the management by which Riley had contrived that the only evidence of my freedom *should be kept from every eye but that of his* brother Amos, who was requested to retain it until I had made up the balance I was reported to have agreed to pay. Indignation is a faint word to express my deep sense of such villany. I was alternately beside myself with rage, and paralyzed with despair. My dream of bliss was over. What could I do to set myself right? The only witness to the truth, Master Frank, was a thousand miles away. I could neither write to him, nor get any one else to write. Every man about me who could write was a slave-holder. I dared not go before a magistrate with my papers, for fear I should be seized and sold down the river before anything could be done. I felt that every white man's hand was against me. 'My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?' was my bitter cry. One thing only seemed clear. My papers must never be surrendered to Master Amos. I told my wife I had not seen them since I left Louisville. They might be in my bag, or they might be lost. At all events I did not wish to look myself. If she found them there, and hid them away, out of my knowledge, it would be the best disposition to make of them.

"The next morning, at the blowing of the horn, I went *out to find Master Amos. I found* him sitting on a stile, and as I drew near enough for him to recognize me he shouted out a hearty welcome in his usual style, 'Why, halloa, Sie! is that you? Got back, eh! I'm glad to see you! Why, you're a regular black gentleman!' And he surveyed my dress with an appreciative grin. 'Well, boy, how's your master? Isaac says you want to be free. Want to be free, eh! I think your master treats you pretty hard, though. Six hundred *and fifty dollars don't come so easy in old Ken*tuck. How does he ever expect you to raise all that? *It's too much, boy, it's too much.*' In the conversation that followed I found my wife was right. Riley had no idea of letting me off, and supposed I could never raise the six hundred and fifty dollars if his brother obtained possession of me.

"Master Amos soon asked me if I had not a paper for him. I told him I had had one, but the last I saw of it was at Louisville, and now it was not in my bag, and I did not know what had become of it. He sent me back to the landing to see if it had been dropped on the way. Of course I did not find it. He made, however, little stir about it, for he had intentions of his own to keep me working for him, and regarded the whole as a trick of his brother's to get money out of me. All he said about the loss was, 'Well, boy, bad luck happens to everybody, sometimes.'

"All this was very smooth and pleasant to a man who was in a frenzy of grief at the base apparently irremediable trick that had been played upon him. I had supposed that I should soon be free to start out and gain the hundred dollars which would discharge my obligation to my master. But I perceived that I was to begin again with my old labors. It was useless to give expression to my feelings, and I went about my work with as quiet a mind as I could, resolved to trust in God, and never despair."

For a little over a year nothing was said of this matter, except a coarse joke or two from Amos Riley, who intimated that his brother had kept writing why Josiah did not send him something. One day he was informed that his master's son Amos was going down the river with a flat boat laden with produce from the farm and that he must go with him. How Josiah felt at this intimation it is hard for those born in freedom to realize, for it meant that he was to be sold to slavery in the far South.

At last the day came and he stepped on the boat, which was manned by three white men. While on the journey down a most singular incident occurred. Each one on the boat had to take his turn at the helm, but Josiah being a negro had to stand at or beside the helm more constantly than any one else. The work was enough in the day time, but the captain was the only one who could be trusted with the helm at night; but Josiah from being compelled to stand beside the captain at night became at last almost as proficient as he at the work. During the voyage the captain was attacked by a disease of the eyes and they soon became so much inflamed and swollen that he could not see, and thus could not perform his duty. Josiah was best fit to take his place, and thus the least of them became the greatest, for he virtually had command of the boat. During the journey he visited a plantation where some of his old comrades whom he had brought from Kentucky were living. In four years they had aged more than in twenty. Their cheeks were literally eaved in with starvation and disease. Their worst fears of being sold down South were more than realized.

After this visit his thoughts grew gloomy and despairing. The thoughts of such a fate as that he had just witnessed filled him with portents of woe and despair. His faith in God utterly gave way—for a time he did not look to Him for help; nothing but the foul miasmas, the emaciated frames of his former companions *filled his brain, and he earnestly hoped for* death. His mind reverted to what he had done for Amos and Isaac Riley; and was this their gratitude, to sell him into a worse than living death? This spirit of anger and revenge grew until he resolved to kill his fair companions on the boat, take what money they had, scuttle the boat and make his way to the north. Blinded by passion he saw no difficulty in this plan, and one dark rainy night when within a few days sail from New Orleans and he was alone on the deck, Master Amos and the hands being all asleep below, he crept noiselessly down stairs, got hold of an axe, entered the cabin, and on looking for his victims by the dim light of the candle, his eyes at first fell on Master Amos, who was nearest him. His hand slid along the axehandle and he raised the blade to strike the fatal blow when suddenly the thought came to him, "What! commit murder, and you a Christian!" He had not called it murder before, but simply an act in self-defence, and had thought it justifiable and even praiseworthy; but now, all at once, the truth burst upon him that it was a crime. He shrank back, laid down his axe, and thanked God as he has ever done since that he did not commit that murder.

A few days after this the cargo was sold, the men discharged and nothing remained for young Amos to do but to break up or sell the boat, sell Josiah, and return home by the steamer. The second object was no longer disguised, and on several occasions planters came to see Josiah, whose points were canvassed, as those of a horse or dog. In their intervals of leisure, he would plead with his young master not to be sold away from his wife and children, and with such good result as to bring tears to his eyes. But his purpose remained unchanged.

At length the day when he was to be sold arrived. The long days and heats of June had come, and in the night Master Amos fell sick, and in a few hours river fever was on him. Now the slave was no longer a property, no longer a brute-beast, to be bought and sold, but his only friend in the midst of strangers. He was now the suppliant, a poor terrified object writhing with pain, and he besought forgiveness, and cried, "Stick to me, Sie! stick to me, Sie! Don't leave me, don't leave me. I am sorry I was going to sell you." He ordered him to finish the business with all despatch, sell the boat, and get him and his trunk containing the proceeds of the trip on board the steamer as quickly as possible. This was attended to, and the same day the two were on the steamer homeward bound: the one, writhing in one of the cabins appropriated to the sick passengers, and the other, full of joy, singing in his heart jubilees of praise to God, who had delivered him from a bondage worse than death.

Josiah nursed his young master with the greatest tenderness and care and he survived his illness, but his strength was entirely gone. On his arrival home he was still unable to speak, and was removed from the landing to the house, five miles away, in a litter, which was carried by a party of slaves who formed relays for that purpose. Immediately on his recovery his first words were, "If I had sold him I should have died;" but on the rest of the family no permanent impression was made, and soon other attempts were made to dispose of him, and his thoughts turned on means to escape, which he soon was enabled successfully to perform.

(*To be Continued.*)

HAPPY MICHAEL; OR, CHRISTIAN LOVE IN ACTION.

The writer of the following narrative having read of an adventure in a mine in Cornwall, where a miner voluntarily yielded to a comrade his only apparent chance of being preserved from being blown up, resolved, if he should ever visit the place, to see the hero, who had been almost miraculously preserved, and hear a description from his own lips of what had occurred. He says:

About twelve months after this resolve, I went to reside for a year or two in Cornwall. During my residence there I visited on several occasions the town of Collington, which is situated in the midst of a district rich in minerals, and having a large number of lead and copper mines. On one of these visits, as I was sitting at breakfast in the house of a friend, the circumstances before narrated recurring vividly to my mind, I began to repeat them to the family.

"Oh!" exclaimed my hostess, "that was happy Michael."

"And pray who is happy Michael?"

"Oh! there are few better men than happy Michael."

"But," said I, "why do you call him 'happy Michael'?"

"Because he is accustomed, if you meet him and ask him how he is, to say, 'Happy, thank you.' He seems to be always happy."

"I should like to see him."

"There will be no difficulty about that, I'm sure; he will come and see you with pleasure."

A messenger was accordingly despatched, and in a short time, to my great satisfaction, Michael himself appeared. He was a good looking, well-built man, of perhaps from thirty to thirty-five years of age, with a pleasant expression of countenance. I shook hands with him heartily, and requesting him to be seated, I proceeded to inform him on what account I had desired an interview. His eyes sparkled as I referred to his remarkable preservation; and, uttering an expression of gratitude to God, he proceeded to give me the following simple, but (to me) interesting account:

"I was working," said Michael, "at——, sinking a shaft; it was but a small affair, only a few fathoms deep, and there were but three of us working at the time; two of us down the shaft, and the third on the grass, attending to the windlass, bringing up the stuff, stones, earth, and so on, as we got it out; and of course he had to wind us up in the bucket (or kibble) when we had done work; but he could only bring us up one at a time.

"Well, the rock was rather hard, and we had to blast it. We had driven in a hole, put in the charge, and were nearly ready to fire it off. One of us was about to go up; the one who should remain having, when the bucket came down again, to fire the match, and then the two at the top would soon bring him up out of danger. Well, on this occasion we were nearly ready, when my comrade who was about finishing the whole, finding the match (which is like a rope, and rammed tightly down) a little too long, he took his tamping-iron to cut off a piece of it that hung out of the hole. As he struck with the iron, the rock being very hard, it made a spark fly, like a flint and steel. This spark fell on the match just at the mouth of the hole; it caught in an instant and began to burn! We looked at one another for a moment, and then both jumped into the bucket."

"But," said I, interrupting him, "could you not put it out? Or could you not draw the match out before it burned down to the powder?"

"Oh, no, it had burned into the hole before I could do anything. Well, we jumped both of us into the bucket, and called to the man above to pull away. He tried, but he could not move us. We looked at one another! To stay was to die, we thought. It flashed across my mind, one or both of us will be in eternity in a few minutes. Well, I thought, 'praise God, I am not afraid to die; but this poor man is without God, impenitent, unchanged.' These thoughts ran through my mind as it were in an instant; so I said to my comrade: 'You are not prepared; thank God, I am not afraid to die. Go up.'

"I jumped out, and he remained. I got as close to the shaft as I could, though I had little thought of life, and I began to sing a hymn about heaven. 'I shall soon be there,' I said to myself; I shall have entrance through the blood of Jesus.'

"Meanwhile the man on the grass worked away to bring the other man up. He reached the top, and as he sprang out the charge exploded. With a sharp, half-stifled sort of roar it went off, shaking the ground where I stood. Fragments of rock broke and darted out of their beds, dashing against the sides and flying back again, while others, just shifted, fell heavily on the floor; but the smoke pouring out prevented my seeing much. However, I felt I was alive, though surrounded by shattered stones driven (it was said by some who went down afterwards) in every part of the shaft except where I stood. Yes, alive and unhurt; at least so it seemed to me, though afterwards I found that a piece of stone darting by me had just touched and slightly cut my leg. You may depend on it I shouted, 'Glory to God!' right heartily; that I did. The men above heard me shouting, and they were amazed. However, they were not long in having me up, and great was their surprise and joy when they saw me come safely. And I was not a little astonished when I got up to find that my comrade, who had gone in the bucket, and who was in the act of jumping out when the blast went off, had got a worse wound than I had; for a piece of stone had shot right up the shaft and struck him on the forehead. However, he was not very badly hurt. But, oh, it was a wonderful deliverance for me! Praise be to God!"

The simple story needs no remarks or embellishments. Here was a man, in the prime of his life, willing to remain and face death in an awful form for the sake of an unprepared companion. Michael doubtless expected to be torn limb from limb by the explosion, or crushed under the masses of falling stone; and yet, with so short a breathing-space for reflection, he decided on yielding his life for the sake of his comrade, his soul to the mercy of his God!

Surely the boldest, most heroic deeds performed but to win man's applause are like the red sparks from an anvil, that glow for a moment and die, compared to the brilliance of the ruby gem of love that will shine when the stars are dim!—*Christian Weekly.*

FAITHFULNESS OF A DOG.

Upon the death of a certain nobleman in Krain, his earnest neighbor, Baron Apf——, took possession of the deceased's favorite dog. Fidèle was not a willing captive, but affectionate treatment finally won him over. The dog learned to do without his former master, though not to forget him.

One year passed before Fidèle again saw his old home; it then occurred to Baron Apf——to revisit the house of his late friend, in order that he might see if the property in the meantime had been carefully administered.

He took the dog with him. Before the end of the journey, Fidèle gave signs of great uneasiness. It became impossible to hold him, he sprang from the carriage and ran across the fields, soon disappearing from the Baron's sight. When the latter arrived at the house his first enquiry was for the dog, an old servant of the family, now acting as steward, related as follows: Hearing a great scraping and scratching on the outer door, he opened it and immediately recognized Fidèle.

The dog rushed past him and upstairs into his dead master's chamber, which had been left open. The steward hurriedly followed, and hearing him whine, found him sitting at the foot of his master's bed, which had not been moved from its original place. The dog ran round the chamber several times, and not finding what he so anxiously sought, laid himself down in his old place on the bed. Here the Baron found him, and the animal formerly so friendly, gave him no greeting. In vain they offered him food and drink; he would touch nothing, and his eyes remained constantly fixed upon the spot where he had last seen his master alive. After some days it was found necessary to use force to get him away, and it was only by degrees, and after the lapse of considerable time, that he regained his former cheerfulness.—*From the Organ of Austrian Society P. C. A., Vienna, June, 1877.*

"PAY AS YOU GO, MATES."

It was sound advice that the hero of Mr. Kirton's delightful story, "Buy Your Own Cherries," gave to his fellow-workmen, "Pay as you go, mates. Don't buy on *tick*, but go to market with good money in your hand. It's better not only for you, but also for the butchers, bakers, tailors, and all other shopkeepers."

Very strongly would we urge all working men who are in the "books" of any shopkeepers to clear off all arrears this Christmas, and begin the new year on the "Pay-as-you-go principle." It will scarcely be believed by many of our readers, that some time ago we were in a large manufacturing district where most of the "works" were standing. A friend took us to the shop of a widow, a small grocer and tea dealer. On asking how she bore up under the time of trial, she said: "The workmen about here, sir, are generally two weeks behindhand in paying me. At present I have over £700 in my books against the factory hands."

If this meets the eyes of any sons of toil who have hitherto gone on the bad system of "credit," may we urge them to start the new year on a new tack. They will, we feel assured, never regret following the advice of their fellow-workman who wisely begged his mates to "pay as you go."—*British Workman.*

ALONE WITH GOD.—We need to be more alone with God, that we may learn, as only in solitude we can learn, the sweet secret of his Fatherhood. Also that we may tell him there, as we never can tell in the presence of others, all the sad story of our guilt, and shame, and distress. A natural reserve keeps us from speaking of these things in public save in very general terms, or even from letting the signs of them be seen. There is a sort of unseemliness in marring the decorum of public religious worship by the passionate cry of the sad soul, bowed down with the burden of its sins and sorrows. We must needs be grave and decorous, telling to the God of the great congregation only that which the great congregation may hear. It is to our Father which is in secret that our whole sad heart can reveal itself.—*Dawson.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON V.

FEBRUARY 4.]

JEHOSHAPHAT REPROVED. [About 897-890 B. C.].

READ 2 Chron. 19: 1-9. RECITE vs. 2-4.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—2 Chron. 19: 1-9. *T.*—2 Cor. 6: 14-18. *W.*—Ezra 7: 10-20. *Th.*—Deut. 10: 12-22. *F.*—Acts 10: 24-43. *Sa.*—Eph. 6: 1-9. *S.*—Matt. 25: 31-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*There* is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor respect of persons, nor taking of gifts.—2 Chron. 19: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord reproves those who join the ungodly.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—In about the eighth year of Jehoshaphat's reign his son Jehoram married Athaliah, daughter of Ahab and Jezebel, the wicked rulers of Israel. Eight or nine years later Jehoshaphat formed an alliance with wicked Ahab; with him attacked Ramoth-gilead, where Ahab was slain. Jehoshaphat was reproved by the prophet Jehu for this alliance with the wicked Ahab.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that this king was reproved for associating with a wicked ruler; we may be rebuked for going with evil companions.

NOTES ON PERSONS AND PLACES.—*Je-hu*, a prophet who foretold the destruction of Baasha (1 Kings 16: 1-7); about thirty-five years later rebuked Jehoshaphat (2 Chron. 19: 2); was also a historian of Jerusalem (20: 34.) *Ha-nan-i*, father of Jehu the prophet, probably the "seer" who rebuked Asa, 2 Chron. 16: 7. *Be'-er-she'-ba*, (or Be-er'-she-ba), a place twenty-five miles south-west of Hebron; still has seven wells, two having water. (2 Sam. 3: 10.) *Fathers of Israel*, were the heads of families; the "chief of the fathers" were the patriarchal chiefs, the heads of great houses or clans.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE REBUKE. (II.) THE JUDICIAL REFORMS.

I. THE REBUKE. (1.) RETURNED, from the battle of Ramoth-gilead, where Ahab was slain; IN PEACE, or "safe," "uninjured." (2.) JEHU, see Notes; SEER, "a so-er of visions," or prophet; THE UNGODLY, Ahab, with whom Jehoshaphat had joined in war, was an idolater; his son had also married Ahab's daughter. See Connected History. (3.) GOOD THINGS FOUND IN THEE, God regards the right-doing in us when he condemns the wrong-doing.

I. QUESTIONS.—State the strength of Jehoshaphat's army, 2 Chron. 17: 14-19. Whom did his son marry? What king asked Jehoshaphat to help him in war? Where was the battle fought? Who was slain? Which king returned safe? To what place? Who met him? With what reproof? Whose wrath was upon the king? Why would punishment be delayed?

II. THE JUDICIAL REFORMS. (4.) DWELT AT JERUSALEM—that is, went no more to Samaria to help Ahab; BEERSHEBA . . . TO MOUNT EPHRAIM, Beersheba was on the south, and Mount Ephraim on the north side of the kingdom of Judah; BROUGHT THEM BACK, *from* idolatry to the worship of God. (5.) JUDGES, probably local judges. See Deut. 16: 18; 1 Chron. 23: 4. (6.) JUDGE . . . FOR THE LORD, compare Deut. 1: 17 with Ephes. 6: 6, 7; Col. 3: 23. (7.) NO INIQUITY WITH, etc., Deut. 10: 17; 16: 19; RESPECT OF PERSONS, 1 Pet. 1: 17; Rom. 2: 11. (8.) SET OF THE LEVITES, etc., comp. 2 Chron. 17: 7-9; JUDGMENT OF THE LORD, cases of dispute about religious duties, as payments to the temple, offerings to redeem the first-born, *etc.*; vs. 8 and 9 may be translated as follows: "Moreover in Jerusalem had Jehoshaphat set, etc., for controversies." "And they returned."

II. QUESTIONS.—Where did Jehoshaphat dwell? Whither go? For what purpose? What did he "set in the land"? In what portions? For what purpose? For whom were they to judge? In whose fear? Why were they so to judge? From what classes were the judges selected? With what kind of a heart were they to judge?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That we are not to join those who hate the Lord?

(2.) That the Lord regards the good in rebuking the evil?

(3.) That judges are to act in the fear of God?

LESSON VI.

FEBRUARY 10.]

JEHOSHAPHAT HELPED OF GOD. [About 893 B. C.].

READ 2 Chron. 20: 14-22. RECITE vs. 17-18.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—2 Chron. 20: 14-22. *T.*—2 Chron. 20: 1-13. *W.*—Ex. 14: 13-25. *Th.*—Heb. 6: 9-20. *F.*—Joel 2: 12-27. *S.*—Luke 14: 25-33. *Sa.*—Ps. 118: 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper.—2 Chron. 20: 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Confidence in God is strength before men.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—After Jehoshaphat's reform (2 Chron 19: 4), he was attacked by Moab and Ammon; sought help of the Lord; was promised and received victory over his enemies. This event is placed two or three years after the rebuke by Jehu (v. 1), but before Jehoshaphat had associated his son with him on the throne.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Our safety and help must come from God, and by repentance of sin and seeking God's favor.

NOTES.—*Ja-ha'-zi-el*, a Levite possessing the spirit of prophecy. He is not elsewhere mentioned. *Asaph*, a leader of David's choir; a noted seer or prophet as well as a musical composer (2 Chron. 29: 30; Neh. 12: 46); twelve psalms are ascribed to him, viz.: Ps. 50 and 73-83. *Cliff of Ziz*, or "ascent of Ziz," a pass leading from the shore of the Dead Sea at Engeddi. It is noted now as a "fearful pass." *Wilderness of Jer'-u-el* (or *Je-ru'-el*), the flat country from the Dead Sea to Tekoa. *Ko'-hath-ites*, one of the great families of the tribe of Levi; had charge of the ark; granted ten cities. Josh 21. *Kor'hites*, a branch of the Kohathites; famous for their minstrelsy. *Wilderness of Te-ko'-a*, Tekoa was a city about twelve miles south of Jerusalem; the bare table-land to the east of Tekoa was "the wilderness." *Am'-mon*, descendants of Lot, living on the east side of the Dead Sea, north of *Moab*. *Mo'-ab*, also descendants of Lot, living on the east side of the Dead Sea, south of Ammon. The river Arnon was the boundary between Moab and Ammon. *Mount Seir*, a range of mountains south of the Dead Sea, extending toward the Gulf of Akabah; the home of the Horites and of Esau's descendants, hence called Edom.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) VICTORY PROMISED. (II.) PRAISE FOR VICTORY. (III.) VICTORY GIVEN.

I. VICTORY PROMISED. (14.) JAHAZIEL, a prophet of some note, not elsewhere mentioned; ASAPH, see Notes; CAME THE SPIRIT, 2 Pet. 1: 21. (15.) BE NOT AFRAID, Deut. 1: 21; Josh. 1: 9; THE BATTLE IS NOT YOURS, Deut, 31: 6; Jud. 7: 2-7. (16.) CLIFF OF ZIZ, see Notes. (17.) STAND YE STILL, Ex. 14: 13.

I. QUESTIONS.—Who attacked Jehoshaphat after his reform? v. 1. Whom did he seek for help? What prophet came to him? State what you know about this prophet? To whom did he speak? From whom had he a message? Where did he say the battle was to be fought? By whom? What was Judah to do?

II. PRAISE FOR VICTORY. (18) HIS FACE TO THE GROUND, a common method of showing reverence in the East, (19.) TO PRAISE THE LORD, at the king's command and with singing, as if the victory were already gained. (20.) TEKOA, see Notes; BELIEVE . . . BE ESTABLISHED, Isa. 7: 9; John 11: 40; Rom. 8: 31; HIS PROPHETS, those sent of God. (21.) SINGERS . . . BEFORE THE ARMY, going into battle with songs of victory.

II. QUESTIONS.—How did the king show that he believed the prophet? How did the people show it? Whom did they worship? Who stood up to praise God? Into what wilderness did the army go? At what time of day? What did the king say before the battle? Whom did he appoint to go before the army? With whose approval? What were they to do? HOW?

III. VICTORY GIVEN. (22.) TO SING, or "in singing and praise;" SET AMBUSHMENTS, literally, "liers in wait"—that is, either (1) Jews or (2) Edomites, who attacked the Moabites by mistake, or (3) angels to confuse the *Moabites*; the last seems most probable; THEY WERE SMITTEN, or "they smote one another," as the margin reads.

III. QUESTIONS.—How did Judah go to battle? How did the Lord aid them? The probable meaning of "set ambushments"? State the three nations united against Judah. Who are meant by "Mount Seir"? The result of the battle?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That God can give victory?

(2.) That we are to praise Him for the victories he gives us?

(3.) That the Lord establishes those who believe him?

HELP FROM GOD FOR HELPLESS MAN.

JESUS THE LIGHT-GIVER.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

A plain, coarsely-clad man, from the north country of Galilee, is seated in the treasury-court of the Temple at Jerusalem. A portion of the crowd who have come up to the Feast of Tabernacles are gathered around him. Among them leer out several malicious pharisaic faces and contemptuous scowls of the Rabbis. Beside the company stand two colossal candelabra, fifty cubits high and overlaid with flashing gold. These, when lighted, throw a brilliant illumination over the whole Temple area.

Pointing, probably, to these gigantic lamps, the plain peasant from Nazareth says, with modest dignity: "I am the light of the world." A look of pity or contempt steals over the countenances of the Jewish auditors as they listen to such an astounding assertion. Yet he, the derided Nazarene, who had led up a band of fishermen to the capital, knew that he was to be the illuminator of the whole globe and bathe all its continents in spiritual glory. Other teachers were but torches, soon to burn out. He was the divine sun that should yet "light every man that cometh into the world." The ferocious bigots at Jerusalem fancied that they had put out the light when they slew him on the cross; but in millions of hearts and homes his warm radiance is felt to-day. No word describes our beloved Lord more perfectly than this one—the light-giver to humanity. —*N. Y. Independent.*

"GO ON, SIR, GO ON."

Arago, the French astronomer, says in his autobiography that his best master in mathematics was a word of advice which he found in the binding of a text-book. Puzzled and discouraged by the difficulties he met with in his earlier studies, he was almost ready to give over the pursuit. Some words which he found on the waste leaf used to stiffen the cover of his paper-bound text-book caught his eye and interested him.

"Impelled," he says, "by an indefinable curiosity, I damped the cover of the book and carefully unrolled the leaf to see what was on the other side. It proved to be a short letter from D'Alembert to a young person disheartened like myself by the difficulties of mathematical study, and who had written to him for counsel."

"'Go on, sir, go on,' was the counsel which D'Alembert gave him. 'The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn, and shine with increasing clearness on your path.' That maxim," says Arago, "was my greatest master in mathematics."

Following those simple words, "Go on, sir, go on," made him the first astronomical mathematician of his age.

STOOP AS YOU GO.—The celebrated Dr. Franklin, of America, once received a very useful lesson from the excellent Dr. Cotton Mather, which he thus relates in a letter to his son, Dr. Samuel Mather, dated Passy, May 12th, 1781:—"The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, I turning toward him; when he said hastily, 'Stoop! stoop!' I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me: 'You are young, and have the world before you. Stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and troubles brought upon people by carrying their heads too high."

PLEAD FOR THE WORK.—Besides working more and giving more we ought especially to pray more for all our benevolent enterprises. The prayer-meetings that one may attend, and the Christian families that one may visit, without ever hearing a prayer for any of these enterprises, is a sad comment on our consistency as Christians. If we believe that God controls the hearts of men as he turns the rivers of water, and then if we feel the anxiety for our missionary and educational work that we profess to feel, how can we be so silent about it before his throne? In a very important sense, the money that we so much need is the Lord's. Let us oftener plead with him for it, instead of always knocking at the hard hearts of men. And then there are the spiritual results that we ought to be very desirous should attend these enterprises, as well as the anxiety that we ought to feel for the upbearing of the workers under the burdens that are upon them. Do we sufficiently lay these things before God? Let us pray more for the success of all our missionary and benevolent work, for the money which is so much needed to carry it forward, and for the workers themselves.—*Standard.*

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

WE MAKE A NEW OFFER to our MESSENGER readers with this number, and know they will be pleased with it and take advantage of it. You all have heard of Vennor's Almanac, which tells you all about the weather, so that for some days before you may know what kind to expect. Well, a copy of this almanac will be sent to every one who sends us three new subscribers to the MESSENGER. How long do you think it would take to win an almanac at this rate? Not many hours we assure you Just take your paper and show it to your neighbors, show them the pictures, and the interesting stories, and then, when they are interested in it, tell them that it is only thirty cents a year, and every one of them will take it. Just try this and see what success you will have. You need never say after this that you could not have a VENNOR'S ALMANAC.

ALTHOUGH the circulation of the MESSENGER is ahead of last year it has not gained very much This should not be. We ought not to stick at a circulation of FIFTY THOUSAND copies—by no means. Will our young workers please read the item regarding VENNOR'S ALMANAC as a premium and then send us subscribers enough to win one.

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

VENNOR'S ALMANAC (for 1878) will be sent to every one who sends us three new subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER.

FOR DECEMBER we have the first number of the greatly enlarged NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, and it is a very readable number. Of course there is a smack of Christmas and the holidays about it. This magazine is contributed to almost entirely by Canadian writers, and its spirit and sympathy are in harmony with British-American feeling.—*Orillia Packet.*

THERE ARE NO DOUBT many people who will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of having a copy of Vennor's Almanac beside them for reference. The name of Vennor, as a weather prophet, has become a household word, but even apart from his meteorological predictions, the Almanac is an exceedingly valuable compilation, owing to the great amount of useful information contained in it.—*St. Thomas Journal, Dec. 21st, 1877.*

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is a well-edited, high-toned magazine, and is sold at the low price of $2.00 a year. John Dougall & Son, publishers, Montreal. Take it.—*Spirit of the Age*, Woodstock, O.

VENNOR'S WINTER ALMANAC for 1878 is a most unique as well as valuable publication. Its author relies upon scientific data rather than guesswork, and upon these data he gives the probabilities and tells us to what extent we may rely upon them. Mr. Vennor's predictions have been remarkably accurate in the past, and will, doubtless, be even more correct in the future."—*Woodstock Times.*

THIS MAGAZINE (THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY) is rapidly growing in favor with the public. Its articles are well written, and their tone such as to make *the Monthly* a welcome visitor in the family circle.—*The News*, L'Orignal.

MR. VENNOR in his weather prognostications is seldom far astray, consequently his Almanac should find a place in every household. The price is 20 cents, and it is well worth the money—especially to those who wish to find fault at the weather, as they can sit down and in half an hour growl at the weather for the whole year, thus saving time and breath—a great consideration. Mr. Vennor bases his predictions on scientific facts, and the present almanac gives data that will enable anyone to become a first-class weather prophet on short notice and at reasonable terms.—*Prescott Telegraph.*

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is a 128-page magazine, is well illustrated, and is sold at 20c. a number by all booksellers. Dawson Brothers, Trade Agents

VENNOR'S ALMANAC AND WEATHER RECORD FOR 1878.—This is the book annually published by the Montreal gentleman who has now come to be generally acknowledged as an authority upon the subject of the weather. It is full of interesting notes of the past and some speculations as to the possible weather of 1878. The little book is well worth possessing.—*Toronto Leader.*

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for the current month (December) contains a good likeness of Leon Gambetta, the foremost man in France. This popular magazine has been greatly enlarged, and is now one of the best monthlies laid on our table, and we trust the publishers, Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, will meet with the success their enterprise deserves.—*Woodstock Times.*

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for the coming year will contain a variety of new and attractive features, among them papers upon the Canadian Fisheries, the Lost Tribes, Newfoundland, the Telephone, as well as the social and political topics that are daily presenting themselves.

BY GETTING three new subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, you will be entitled to a copy of VENNOR'S ALMANAC for 1878.

THE "NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS" Is a remarkable paper. It receives and publishes more letters from Ladies and Children, and from settlers in new States and Territories, than any paper on this continent It also gives more extracts from the leading political papers, and a fuller account of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting than any other paper, as well as remarkable good Prices Current and Financial reports.

Price, post-paid, **$1.50** a year, or **50 cents** for four months. Anyone wishing to become acquainted with the "NEW YORK WITNESS" can have it for a month on trial, post-paid, for **10 cents**. Its present circulation is **75,000**, and it goes to every State, Territory and Province in the continent. Address

JOHN DOUGALL,
"Witness" Office,
No. 7 Frankfort street, New York.

The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.